

*THE LAST SUPPER*  
*Or*  
*CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE SHOWROOM*

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***CHARACTER BREAKDOWN***

EDEN: Late 20s, maybe early 30s. Any ethnicity. Preferably portrayed by a non-binary or gender nonconforming actor.

Eden looks like no one you have ever met, and at the same time, everyone you have ever known. Their face shifts every few moments, never existing long enough to quite place. They are your mother, your brother, your neighbor, your childhood best friend, the elderly man you sat next to on the bus, your favorite local news anchor, Jesus Christ, the celebrity on the cover of *People Magazine*, the person you see walking their dog past your house every morning, that woman who you said “Bless you” to after she sneezed in the supermarket. Sometimes, they are you.

***SETTING***

The dining room section of an IKEA showroom. It is Christmas Eve of the year 2022.

***A NOTE TO THE READER***

A “--” indicates a pause.

Any mention of year is to be pronounced as two double-digit numbers. (For example, 2021 would be pronounced “twenty twenty-one” as opposed to “two-thousand and twenty-one.”)

*Christmas Eve 2022. Lights up on the dining room section of an IKEA showroom. The modern wood table is laden with lit candles, an extravagant charcuterie board, and wine glasses at various stages of fullness. EDEN enters, wearing hospital scrubs and a frilly apron straight out of the 1950s. They are speaking to someone we cannot see.*

EDEN

Aaaaaaaand here is the dining room!

--

Thank you!

--

No, seriously, thank you.

After all the time and money we poured into this place...you just can't imagine.

We just loved the refurbished wood look.

And those benches are made from the pews at Old St. Christopher's!

Remember when it burned down?

God that was awful.

Such a sin.

But yes, those are the *real pews*.

Can you believe it?

Totally remodeled.

Can't even recognize them.

--

*(Gesturing to the empty seat at the head of the table)* Of course you remember my partner, Riley.

*(Indicating the following empty seats in order)* And this is Dakota, Lennon, Branch, Sawyer, Fin,

Jules, and -

I can't remember,

Have you met Lake?

You have, right?

--

Yes, yes, yes, I remember now.

Halloween of 2019, right?

--

Goodness me, how time passes.

I mean if it weren't for the holidays, I wouldn't even be able to tell you what day it is.

What a world we live in...

*An awkward pause.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

OH my god,

Where are my manners?

Let me take your coat.

Goodness, I'm so embarrassed, whisking you off for a tour like that when you're barely even through the door!

*(Looking to "Riley" and laughing)* Riley, would you look at me?

I'm a mess!

Christmas jitters I suppose.

Please

Take a seat, take a seat!

*EDEN grabs a bottle of red wine from a chic-looking drinks trolley in the corner.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

Is red okay?

--

You sure?

We've got white, too, and rose and sparkling and everything.

I could fix you something harder too!

We've got it all!

--

Oh my goodness, no, it's absolutely no trouble at all!

No, no, no no no

No, don't be silly, I'm happy to.

I haven't had a proper martini in ages.

How do you take it?

--

With a twist?

WAIT!

No.

Let me surprise you.

I have a knack for these things.

Riley was just saying to me the other day that I have a knack for these things,

Weren't you sweetie?

*EDEN returns to the drinks trolley and begins meticulously preparing a martini. This should take some time, at least a full two minutes, but maybe more. EDEN calls over their shoulder from the drinks trolley, continuing the conversation.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

You know, this is our first time hosting?

Last year we were at my mother's of course.

--

*(Indicating "Sawyer")* What's that?

--

Oh, yes, yes, yes

Yes, sorry, I just couldn't hear you over the glassware.

Yes, she had that unfortunate-looking thing until the very end!

God, just the sight of that dog always used to make me laugh.

Just laugh and laugh and laugh.

*EDEN, still standing at the drinks trolley begins laughing. At first, it is just a giggle, but then it turns into something more violent. The sound is jarring, wild and truly uncontained. The laughter turns into sobs. After a minute of this, EDEN collects herself, wipes their eyes on a cocktail napkin, and turns back to the table, holding the martini. The finished product is perfect.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

My, I'm...

I'm so sorry.

I'm so embarrassed.

I hate to admit that happens from time to time.

Just remembering everything...

--

No, I'll be fine, dear, thank you so much.  
 It's so wonderful to see you all gathered here together.  
 Truly, it just...just warms our hearts.

*EDEN raises the martini glass to the table briefly, as if to toast the fortune of their good company, then takes the martini to their lips and drains the glass.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

*(Looking to "Riley")* What?  
 Why are you looking at me like --  
*(Realizing what they have just done)* Oh my goodness!  
 Oh my --  
*(Beginning to laugh again, though much more controlled)* God, I wish I could say this never happens.  
 I swear, I'm just useless!  
 --  
*(Through laughter)* At least we're all getting a good laugh out of this.  
 I'm absolutely mortified.  
 Please, let me go make you another.  
 No, I insist!

*EDEN returns to the drinks trolley and begins again the meticulous act of preparing a fresh martini. This time, they do so in silence. It is excruciating. Finally, they turn around, proudly displaying the new martini.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

Now, before I get greedy...  
*(Pretending to lift the glass to their lips)* Ha!  
 I'm just joking of course,  
 Here you go, hun.

*EDEN places the martini down in front of the New Guest.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

*(Tilting their head to face "Lennon")* I'm sorry?

--

No, no, not yet.

*(Placing their hand to their stomach)* I mean we've been trying for ages,  
As I'm sure you all know.

We're trying really hard to stay positive, but --

--

*(Indicating "Lennon")* No, I know.

It's all in God's hands.

It's just so frustrating sometimes.

*(To the room)* It's been a real trial for us.

You know after losing our first during the...

You know...

I just didn't think I'd even survive the grief,

You know?

So of course every day is a miracle, but.

Well.

We're praying maybe 2023 will be our year.

--

*(Indicating "Branch")* Thank you.

I think so too.

I mean, Riley is a *born* parent.

*(To "Riley")* No, no!

Don't you even try arguing with me!

You are going to be an absolute natural!

--

*(To "Branch")* Oh my goodness!

Aren't you just the kindest soul?

Well that is just the best compliment I could ever receive.

Thank you, sweetie.

--

*(To the New Guest)* So what has been going on in your life?

I want to know everything.

I swear I haven't stepped out of the house all week, I've just been cooking, cooking, cooking!

Did you ever go out with that guy?

Spill, spill!

*As EDEN listens to the New Guest, they stealthily clear all of the wine glasses from*

*the table, draining every one before returning them to the trolley. They continue this through the following.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

Shut UP!

--

*(Scandalized)* Oh my GOD!

You are such a riot!

*(To "Riley")* Didn't I tell you, Riles?

Didn't I tell you that we had to invite her?

*(To the guest)* I have been absolutely *dying* for some of your wacky stories.

I swear, you live the most interesting life.

You know I always looked up to you.

--

I did!

I swear!

I feel like you're always just grabbing life by the balls

*(Pardon the expression everyone)*

And I just...

God.

I'd love to live a day in your skin.

I feel like every day for me is just the same.

--

No, really!

Since the virus, I just...

I don't know, I mean I do the usual stuff.

I read, I jog, I bake.

I've done every puzzle I could get my hands on,

I've seen everything I think there is to see on TV.

But it's just all the same!

Every day is just the same.

Just the same...

*The wine glasses now all empty and put away, EDEN stares off into space for a moment, as if remembering something both very happy and devastatingly sad. They*



*stumble over to the table, a final glass of wine in their hands.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

Well.

That's enough of my complaining for the evening.

It's Christmas after all!

A time of love and celebration!

--

Oh please, any time.

And you know, now that you mention it,

I'd like to just take a moment to thank you all again.

You really...

You've really made this a special evening for me.

*(Raising their glass)* Merry Christmas everyone.

*EDEN takes a polite sip of wine, and then hiccups. There is a ding from a kitchen timer sitting on the edge of the table.*

EDEN (CONT'D)

My, my!

That's the ham.

*(Looking at their watch)* Right on time.

Everyone.

It's been a pleasure.

*EDEN takes their seat at the opposite head of the table. They take one of the candles from the centerpiece and lay it on its side, watching as the entire scene before them begins to catch fire, chic wooden dining piece by chic wooden dining piece. EDEN sips their wine, as tears roll down their face. As the table is engulfed in flame, a fire alarm sets off in the store. EDEN smiles.*

END OF PLAY.